THE EXAMINER.

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Contrast!

Senator Dickinson, a Northern man, does not hesitate to dodge the issue presented by the acquisition of new territory, as regards slavery.

Mr. Clay, a Southern man, declares the wish and solemn purpose of his friends to be, that the institution should not be extended beyond its present limit.

The *law* is above the resolutions of the Senator, and the wish of the great Kentuckian; but this is certain, that disgrace, now and hereafter, will be affixed to the name of that man, let him belong to what party he may, who shall, in any way, help to plant slavery on any territory now free. Eternal infamy, certainly, will be his lot who labors for this end, if his State be blessed with universal liberty!

A Counter Report.

The Governor has a theory, and we fear he makes facts bend to its support. According to him, the Virginia Penitentiary is almost crowded with free blacks. Georgia does not suffer from this cause, any more than Kentucky. Very few free blacks, comparatively, are found in the penitentiaries of either of these States.

The Capitol.

There are many things in the Congressiona proceedings worth noticing. Chief among these we notice:

Mr. *Holme's* resolution offered on the 20th. This will test the disposition of the House to the war, and the manner of meeting the expenses of the war.

The agitation of slavery, both in the House and Senate, Mr. *Hale's* remarks, and the vote upon his motion, are worthy of note. We rejoice to observe Senator *Underwood's* name in the negative. Unless Southern Senators are determined to yield up every thing to the perpetualists, to be their political slaves, they must teach them that they understand their game, and let the country understand it.

The motion, as regards the slave-laws of the District of Columbia, ought to carry. Slaveholders, and the representatives of slave-holders, injustice to the South, and to humanity, ought to amend those laws wherever unjust, and we should rejoice to see Senator *Underwood*, or the humane *Crittenden*, proposing, that marriages among colored persons should be legalized, that masters should not separate families, and that all traffic in slaves, for money, should cease!

What an example this would be to the States! How gladly would they follow it! And how effectually this policy, too, would arrest anger, and bitterness, and violence on all sides!

The New-Year—The Prospect.

It strikes twelve! The new year is begun!

We gaze out into the streets. The steady tramp of human feet has ceased, and no footfall is heard. The city is buried in sleep. We gaze up into the sky. The myriad stars move on without a jar. All is harmony, and still, as if the very heavens were hushed in thought.

Amid this quiet, the old year has died, and the new year is born! No voice above announces either event; no token below proclaims them. The old and the new mingled into one, and then parted so softly that their meeting and parting might seem a type of the harmony which should reign on earth.

The hour was one of deep interest to us. We were alone as the toll of the clock told of the parting and coming, and we felt as if in us, and around us, spirits asked, eagerly, and earnestly—

"Watchman, what of the night?"

And we arose, as men do who are conscious (and right glad were we to feel *so* conscious) that we could speak bravely for the *present*, and more happily for the future!

A better and larger spirit of liberality and freedom is swaying reformers, and reform movements.

But a little while ago, and all who labored for universal freedom were deemed, and forsooth, denounced as "*fanatics*." No party owned fellowship with them. All sects bated them with hot scorn. They were considered low, selfish, coarse, and base as well as common! Yet now they have their presses, their representatives in church and State, and Legislatures defer to them, and Congress stops to consider them, and all parties and sects in politics, or christianity, think it worth while to enquire, what they mean, and wither they tend? A great victory this! The presage of a greater yet to be run! Only let the friends of freedom be true, be wise in action, and wide in spirit, and they will so leaven society as to command all. Men will not stop to ask—Congress and Legislatures, and sects and parties will not pause to enquire—if this be so—what they mean, but they will proceed to do what they wish. There is enough of virtue and courage in our country, to meet every demand which humanity can make; to reach and overthrow the mighty evil of slavery; to remedy the social wrong; to enlighten and elevate labor; to crush intolerence, and master every remnant of feudality. For this end, we have only to *concentrate*—to possess unity of feeling, and move with unity of action—to be the worthy advocates of truth, and speak for her as if we feared no foe, and knew no taint. A courage and virtue like this will win the day against all odds, and triumph, gloriously, over all difficulties.

A brighter promise yet, consists in the greater *willingness* of all parties possessing power to consider its use and abuse.

A few years ago, and no man in the South, dared to present to the South the evil or the wrong of slavery! A few years ago, and it was not safe to discuss this subject even in the *free* States! This prejudice and hatred is not wholly silenced; they manifest themselves in most Sects, and in every State. But there is a power which awes them into silence, and is confining them within narrower and narrower bounds. Every where we see or hear the declarations: *the issues are made, and must be met*; and the spirit of opposition—of *simple antagonism*—is rapidly dying out, as one side, in christian spirit, urges reforms, and another, in christian temper, consents to consider them. "I agree with you when you declare," says a generous slave-holder, an Alabamian, "that the day has gone by in which evil can be justified by law, or wrong defended because it is a vested right." "The difficulty" says an aged Carolinian, "is in making a break; if that be done, and Kentucky and Virginia assert freedom as the law, even our State, (South Carolina,) will go ahead the more rapidly from being forced, and kept so long, unnaturally, in an *ultra* position." Persuade a people to *hear*, and the battle is more than half won! Set them to *consider*, as well as hear, and we cannot fail to indoctrinate them with the great truths we advocate! And North and South, the fetters of a heathen tyranny are so far broken, freedom so far advanced, so vitalized, that the public ear is opening, and the public mind willing to listen—thoughtfully to reflect—upon whatever is essential to human liberty, or human progress.

But the brightest hope yet, is the fact that the South, in part, promises, speedily, to redeem *herself*.

KENTUCKY is now cursed with slavery. It is easy to paint its terrible effects; but is not so easy to say *how* we shall rid the State of them. Yet, we believe, the public mind is resolved to grapple with the evil, and that, if we are prudent, patient, and wise, we shall hear ere three years pass by, that *it can be mastered* without harm to owners or hurt to slaves. We give way to no enthusiasm. We counsel not from our feelings. Soberly, with iron front, and coldest deliberation, we have sought to ascertain the *real* wish of the people, and that wish, we think, nay, we may say, we *know* to be, in favor of EMANCIPATION. It may be smothered here and there. Party considerations, or social influences, may keep it down in this county, and that; but when the hour for action comes, no power, under heaven, can repress the determination to win and wear the garb of universal freedom.

VIRGINIA is borne down, also, with slavery! She feels it to the very quick. And West-Virginia the most populous part of the Old Dominion—is resolved to be free. We know something of this country—something of its people, their character, and the influences likely to operate upon them. From these, we should say, there could be no failure, among them, of any well directed effort in behalf of emancipation. But our letters—the free confessions of some of the best men—from this section—so calm, yet so decided, so clear as to the good to be gained, and so positive as to the determination of the people to enjoy it—make us certain of success in West-Virginia. "I have yet to meet one slave-holder in my county" says an able man "who avows his opposition to emancipation; I know no non-slave-holder who is not eager for it." "If the vote were taken to-day" affirms a promising young Virginian, "ninety out of every hundred men would be for freedom." "The majority," writes a mechanic-farmer, "want and will have emancipation." If borne down, then, with slavery, *West-Virginia* is preparing to heave it off, and, if she be dealt fairly by, three years will not roll over our heads, without our hearing a shout from the mountain land, that all are FREE!

EAST TENNESSEE is quickening for a new birth. Quite a number of her pious and patriotic citizens have resolved to co-operate, and the beginning of an organization is made. We know not *when* it will move. But if either Kentucky, or Virginia determine to agitate the question of slavery within this year, then *East Tennessee* will agitate it within the year. Her people are determined to follow suit. "Whenever we see an earnest on the part of the Virginia or Kentucky public," writes an eminent divine, "we shall blow our blast." "I am not wholly prepared to open the question among our mountains," declares a distinguished lawyer, "but the people are." "I am satisfied," says a sensible Kentuckian who tarried at Jonesboro, "that East Tennesseans have only to know each other's sentiments to go at once for emancipation." And what then? West North-Carolina—the hill lands even of Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee must act! Blessings upon the mountain land! There is hope and strength there, and redemption too for man!

On this, the first morn of the new year, then, we greet our friends with joyous faith, and hearty enthusiasm! Our country is imperilled. Our cause is beset with difficulties. But beyond and above these is the honest will of honest men, and, with God's aid, it will scatter this danger and overcome, triumphantly, these difficulties. Let us *on*, then, courageously. Heart to heart, and hand in hand, let us give the long pull, the strong pull, the pull altogether, and the good cause will triumph!

Free Labor Result.

The New York Canals! What a tale they tell of the growth of our country and the results of free labor! Where in the South, where, *amid slavery*, can we point to like consequences? Read the table below, and reflect.

STATEMENT showing the total tons going from tide-water for the last fourteen years, and also the total tons arriving at tide-water, and the aggregate value thereof in market, during the same period.

Year	Tons, fm tide water	Tons, to tide water	Value
1834	114,608	553,596	$13,405,022
1835	128,910	753,191	20,525,446
1836	133,796	696,347	26,932,470
1837	122,130	611,781	21,822,354
1838	142,808	640,481	23,038,510
1839	142,034	602,128	20,163,199
1840	129,580	669,012	23,213,578
1841	162,715	774,334	27,225,322
1842	123,294	666,626	22,751,013
1843	143,595	836,861	28,453,408
1844	176,737	1,019,094	34,183,167
1845	195,000	1,204,043	45,452,321
1846	213,795	1,362,319	51,105,256
1847	288,267	1,744,233	73,092,414

The increase over 1846, in the New York Canal, for 1847, is twenty-one million, nine hundred and eighty-seven dollars.

Forefather's Day.

The Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, is a great day among New Englanders.

We are glad to find it generally celebrated. The day and the principles it consecrates, ought ever to be marked, and *will be* marked while a love of freedom burns in American bosoms, or freedom itself remains to us a boon.

The celebration at New York presents a *signal* feature. Among the toasts we observe one to *Pius the Ninth*, the Pope of Rome, and among the speeches, one from the Catholic Bishop of the city. What a change! The old Pilgrims would have regarded such events as not within the range of possibility, and the rigid Catholics of earlier times, would have looked upon them as an absurdity. Yet for liberty's sake, that men while they have liberty to do may do for liberty; we find the sons of the Pilgrims toasting the Pope, and the Pope's representative responding heartily.

The toast was:—

The present Sovereign Pontiff of Rome, Pius the Ninth.

To this Bishop HUGHES replied:

If he were to give way to his feelings he should almost question the reality of what he saw around him or doubt his own identity. He would return his own thanks, and as far as he was worthy to do so, those of Pius IX. for the honor just received at the hands of the Chairman, an honor of which he was deeply sensible. It was a gratification for him to say that the promise of the elevation of Pius IX to the Pontificate was full of hope. He believed God had prepared him for his great task with a clear head and a strong heart. (Applause.) For himself he felt much in the situation of the man in the old English legend whose horse had been taken away while he was asleep, and who reasoned according to the Aristotelian logic that if he were himself he had lost a horse, but if he were not he had gained a cart. (Applause.) To think that he who used to be called Bishop Hughes found himself in the midst of the New England Society, and heard the health of Pius IX. drank with so much enthusiasm, made him almost doubt the reality of things. With the events connected with the Pilgrims, the rock and the landing he could deeply sympathize; with him they were matters of experience. If he wished to give Pius IX. an idea of America he should relate the history of a young stranger, a plant wafted hither from distant regions here to take root and be developed. In this way he would describe to him the fostering institutions of this country, the hospitable people, the avenues open to every man who sought advancement.

New England was a country distinguished for productiveness in the ordinary sense of that term in Political Economy. It yielded granite and in that hour they had a beautiful specimen of it; it produced ice, but neither of these were evidences of great natural wealth. But there was one thing it did produce which was indeed above value, and that was teachers of Common Schools. He would conclude with this sentiment:

Prosperity to the land that grows School-masters! (Great applause.)

Liberty makes strange combinations. A love of it yokes apparently discordant elements together. Yet these combinations show, that man wishes to stand erect, and he will hail him as his best brother, who does most to elevate the race! For freedom, sects, creeds, classes are forgotten. We know then but one brotherhood, and one common Father.

A Veto—Political Independence.

Well—Mr. Polk's veto message is vetoed (see Congressional proceedings) by the House at Washington!

On the 21st, Mr. Wentworth (Long John as he is called) offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the General Government has the power to construct such harbors and improve such rivers as are 'necessary and proper' for the protection of our navy and our commerce, and also for the defences of our country."

This passed by *thirty* more than a two-thirds vote. Thus is the better system of our fathers maintained, and the narrow theory of "the few" rebuked. To the West this is a great act; for the country, a noble one; since, while it promises protection to our interests, it shows a political independence, on the part of the House, which is worthy of all praise. We have analized the negative vote, and it stands thus:—

Southern States,	36	Middle States,	6
Western States,	10	Eastern States,	2
		Total,	54

Or, to go more into detail, let us give the name of each voter, so that we may see, at a glance who oppose the power asserted in the resolution:

SOUTHERN STATES.

South Carolina—Messrs. Black, Burt, Holmes, Rhett, Simms, Simpson, Woodward—7.
North Carolina—Daniel, McKay, Venable—3.
Virginia—Bayly, Beal, Bedinger, Bocock, Brown, McDowell, Meade, and *Flournoy*, (Whig)—8.
Alabama—Cobb, Harris, Houston, Inge, Bowdon—5.
Louisiana—Harmanson, La Sere, Morse—3.
Mississippi—Featherston, Thompson—2.
Georgia—Cob, Lumpkin—2
Maryland—Sigon, McLane—2
Tennessee—Hill, Jones, Thomas—3
Texas—Kauffman—1

WESTERN STATES.

Ohio—Fries, Kennon, Miller, Sawyer—4
Kentucky—Boyd, Clark—2
Indiana—Robinson—1
Illinois—Ficklin, McClerand—2
Missouri—Phelps—1

OTHER STATES.

Maine—Hammons—1
New Hampshire—Peaslee—1.
New York—Lord, Maclay, Nicoll—3.
Pennsylvania—Brodhead, C. J. Ingersoll, Mann 3.
Maryland—Sigon, M'Lane—2.

Domestic Grievances and Remedies.

We gave, last week, an able article, from the New Orleans Delta, "showing that Congress will not add one slave State to the Union."

We find in the same journal of the 16th, another strong article, under the caption we have assumed. It is fresh and hearty, and cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Is it not strange, while Southern men, willingly or unwillingly, acknowledge the law, and say *boldly*, it must be maintained, that Northern men cringing to party, or fawning before power, should be seeking to upset it, and furtively, if not openly, doing all in their power to extend slavery thereby? It makes no difference, in fact what parties or party men, avow or do, on this subject. It would not effect the principle one iota, if Congress were even to resolve, that slavery should be extended over all Mexico. It is not in the power of our Government, as such, to create slavery in a free territory, and, if it attempts it, it cannot succeed without trampling under foot the constitution and the law.

Compromise is out of the question here. Will the South ask for it? The moment it does so, it affirms *that Congress has power over slavery*. This it dare not do. Will the Free States offer it? It would be a damning surrender of every principle which they hold sacred. We can conceive of a wide and deep degradation; but we cannot conceive of a degradation so base as that of a free people, or the representatives of a free people, voluntarily abandoning right, and violating law, to extend and perpetuate human servitude. The question here, is not about Wilmot Proviso, or Missouri compromise, or Calhoun's platform. It is as to the law—not what it may be—or might be—but *what it is*. For pass, or reject, any or all these measures, and still the law of Nations, and the law of Mexico, as well as our own law, affirm in letter and and spirit, that the introduction of slavery, into such territory, by Act of Congress, is an *impossibility*.

An idea prevails that, unless some compromise is made, disunion will follow. Shame upon such cowardly fears! What is the Union worth, what are the men who live under it worth, if the fundamental law may be set aside, at the dictation of a few threateners of its peace? What is our government worth, if, when standing on the law, it must cower and give way, and break up, provided it do not extend slavery? It is baseness of the deepest kind which feels and argues thus, or else a cowardice as contemptible as treason itself. But *who* shall dissolve the Union? The South! It is a shameless and black falsehood to charge such a thought upon Southern people. They are stern maintainers of the law. They may not like it. They may wish, and say, it ought to be otherwise. But when once satisfied as to what *it is*, they will uphold it, be the cost what it may, and no faction, no party, can persuade, or drive them into a resistance to it. Besides, Southern men know that all that is evil, in disunion, must fall heaviest upon them. Listen to the able writer (a slave-holder) of the New Orleans Delta, as he discusses the folly and absurdity of Nullification, Southern Convention, and Disunion:

Dreadful and violent as the means would be, they would be no less vain and ineffectual. Before there could be even the semblance of a prospect of success, it would be necessary to obtain the cordial and resolute co-operation of all the slave-holding States, and there could be no hope of that. The number of States which set such a value on slavery, if indeed any do, to countenance the proposition for a moment, must be small indeed. A large majority would certainly be found siding with the Federal Government, and behind none in zeal, in repressing the movement as treason, and rewarding its authors with the proper doom of traitors.

But grant that the infatuation should become so general as to embrace all the slave-holding States, and to tempt them, by an appearance of strength, to an effort, still failure would be inevitable. The Federal Government, supported by the superior numbers of the free States, would in all probability hold the subject of contention, despite of every effort of the South, and free laborers pouring in would give, in a permanent, warlike population, an hourly increasing strength and solidity to the possession—whilst the South, even in the very improbable contingency of being able to take and hold the disputed territory, could do so with armed men only, as slave-holders could never venture with their human property on a theatre constantly disturbed by war, actual or threatened. And what would be the fruits of our victory?

Under the beneficent influence of liberty and a harmonious Union, our people have spread over the land a net work of family ties, binding its parts more firmly together than even our constitution and laws. Break up all these suddenly and violently, and for the love of kindred and friends, substitute malignant hatred: destroy all laws for the delivery of fugitive slaves: remove all the checks imposed upon the blind rage of the abolitionists; swell their faction until it shall embrace whole States; and encourage and reward the most daring emissaries who may venture among us, to involve us in the horrors of servile insurrection: trace along the line which shall sunder us from those who once were our friends, a frontier more than a thousand miles in length, and stud it with forts and custom-houses, to guard against armies, abolitionists, and smugglers; intersect and block up our thoroughfares by land and water, with the boundary lines of foreign and hostile nations: create an army and navy ten times more numerous than any ever possessed by the whole United States, and furnish them with men, and money from the resources of the South alone: freight steamboats with gunpowder and cannon, instead of the produce of the soil; convert our inland seas, now burdened with a wealth that has sprung up like a miracle, into a scene of deadly naval conflicts. Then limit slavery to its present or narrower limits, and diminish its value and security, and we may form some conception of our victory. But who could depict our defeat, if, overwhelmed by superior numbers, defeat should be our lot?

Does any man believe, that the South—the far-South, we mean, will resort to nullification, or be guilty of treason, when these consequences are likely to result? Never! Why, then, are their States so clamorous, bitterly hostile, and threatning? *Because, and only because, the Legislators of the North have not declared, from the beginning, what the law is.* Here and there it has been done. A few members of Congress—(John Quincy Adams foremost, and alone at first,) have asserted it. But no party, as such, no Congress, by solemn conventional act, or legal proceeding, have undertaken, by distinct declaration, to affirm the law. "It would have prevented the Mexican war," says one. So it would, and what is more, it would stop it now, if it were rightly done. Nor could the benefit cease here. *Necessarily, it would lead the South to see that there was a limit to slavery, and that the time had come when slaveholding legislators must propose for its extinction.* And what would be the result of this? That pro-slavery political agitation would cease; that all angry, clatter, and sectional warfare about the institution would cease, too;—and that the States looking to their interests, and having exclusive control over slavery in their borders, would begin calmly, and earnestly to enquire into its condition, and the best means to abolish it. If the people of the Union, then, *stand by the law*, if Congress simply affirm it, and party leaders disown, and discountenance, all base trafficking for votes or power, by appealing to, or exciting Southern hostility, none but the happiest results can follow to the country and the world.

Are we thought sanguine? We have before us some eight or ten letters, from able Southern men, affirming that "we shall have no pease until this be done." And a *Louisiana Slaveholder* in the New Orleans Delta deals as plainly with the matter. Hear him:

Since, then, there are but two modes of redressing this grievance, (nullification and disunion) and that one would involve us in absurdity, and the other in treason and the ineffable horrors of civil war, and both fail of their object, we may well examine into the nature and measure of the grievance itself. The imposition of a final limit to slavery being the source of our troubles, and the cause which leads men to talk so madly—what if that limit be already reached, and it is only that our eyes are just opening to the fact? Yet so it is. Mexico is now a non-slaveholding country, and likely to continue so, whether incorporated with our Union or not. The cordon of Free States, so much deprecated, already completely encircles us; and the only choice left, is between having the Free States on our Southern border populated by Americans or Mexicans—embraced within our Union, with all its safeguards to the slaveholder's rights—or under a distinct, and, it may be, a hostile government. Up to this time, it is true, that we have suffered molestation only from fanatical abolitionists in the Northern States; but we should not forget, that very soon the slave population will be crowding to the Rio Grande. There the runaway slave will find a place of security nearer than Canada, and a reception among the colored races as much more cordial than that he is accustomed to receive from the haughty Briton as the climate is more genial to his constitution; and there his white friends may congregate and hold their conventions, and print and speak to the extent of their inclination, without danger of the mobs that sometimes disturb their operations in the North.

In whatever light we view it, the conclusion we come to is the same. Interest, no less than duty, demands quiet submission to a result, which flows from wars we have not sought, and laws we have not made—which natural laws would still impose were all human laws removed, and which, should we attempt to resist our alternatives, would be absurdity and ridicule on one side, and treason, and it might be destruction, on the other.

We speak the truth in soberness, then, when we assert, that the sooner the law is declared the better will it be for the South, the better for the whole country. Let it be established, beyond the possibiaty of cavil, that Congress cannot, by act, create slavery, that any territory acquired from Mexico *is, and must forever be free*, and we shal, we repeat, put an end to sectional warfare, and sectional hate. Slavery is a domestic institution, and "the State its citadel." The South will be content to stand here under the Consttution, and the law, and in due season, and its own way, to determine *how* and *when* it will rid itself of the giant curse of our age and nation.

War versus Orthography, Morality and Grammar.

It has always been understood that much of the fascination of war is owing to its victories. Were war a succession of defeats, it would have few charms, even for the wildest fire-eater; but fortunately the cry of victory is heard often enough to rouse the spirits and reward the exertions of Mar's devotees, and thus to perpetuate his power, and extend his influence. In fact, when one consders the number and nature of the triumphs of war, he almost wonders how any can escape its facinations. We presume, however, that these victories share the fate of other blessings, and are overlooked, or at least under estimated, because of the natural ingratitude of man, which seldom permits him to be thankful for favors, especially for favors which are as common as they are great. For ourselves, we plead guilty to the charge of ingratitude. We acknowledge that we have not realized the number nor greatness of these triumphs. The true grandeur and sublimity of war, have been hidden from us, and we have hitherto groped along in life, utterly unconscious of our fatal blindness. But, at last, the scales have fallen from our eyes, and thankful for the clearness of vision which we now enjoy, we hasten to make amends for our former insensibility. Rejoicing, as we do, in our present enlightenment, we earnestly desire that our readers should share our happiness, and to enable them so to do, we propose to give them the opportunity of submitting to the same operation, which has proved entirely successful in removing the cataract from the eye of our mind.

We entreat you then, dear reader, for the sake of truth and justice, and your own happiness, to peruse with care the following epistle, and we guarantee that, during its perusal, you will feel your mental eyes opening and their pupils dilating, until the temple of your mind becomes bright with excess of light.

We will not detain you by further remarks, for we long to have your darkness dispelled. Hasten then, to read this remarkable document, and confess publicly that you have never before appreciated the victories and glories of war.

This precious epistle was written by a volunteer to his beloved father:

Louisville Ky., Jefferson County,
near Salt river, Oct. 11, 1847.

DEAR FATHER:—Sir I am safe and sound and in good health. We are camped seven miles below Louisville, in a low, swampy place, musketers are hell here—they are seventeen companies all in one camp, so that is a right smart sight at once. We expect to leave here the 20th, but it is doubtful when. I am in as good health as ever you have seen me—we have plenty of beans and they are so old that the worms are nothing but shells, and bacon sides that was kept ever since '76, and some iron buckets weigh 20 odd lbs. We have had several fights in camp. Give my love to mother and brothers &c., tell her not to be any ways distressed for we will get home in six months. We are all well. We all go a stealing every night and they have got double guards. But we knock hell out of them and steal every thing, and the reason is because the farmers said that they intended to kill every devil of us,

"Your sincere Son."

We trust that the writer of this fragrant epistle, which has no equal in the letters of Horace, Walpole or Madame De Sevigne, this rare flower, will not be suffered to waste his sweetness on the desert air. Such intellectual and moral refinement should not be lost to the world. He has gone to a benighted land. In justice to the ignorant inhabitants and to his own qualifications, &c., should be appointed professor in some Academy or University in Mexico, or perhaps, as he proved himself, before leaving Kentucky, so great a proficient in practical morality, he is by this time better fitted to be professor of moral Philosophy and Christian Ethics, or a preacher of the Gospel. The zest, with which he speaks of those peculiar operations on the property of the farmers of his own State, indicates an extraordinary power in carrying principles out to their full extent of application, an unshrinking fidelity in converting abstract truth into living reality. The teachings of such a man will never be subject to the imputation of vagueness and indefiniteness. His practice will give point to his precepts, and we doubt not that his Mexican pupils will be made *to feel* that his reasonings have an iron consistency, that all his assertions are demonstrations.

Whatever may be his situation, professor or preacher, we are confident that he will be a fitting and brilliant representative of national glory, and, for our own part, we shall always feel grateful to him, for having convinced us that the influences and blessings of war are by no means limited and partial, but that its triumph on the tented field are more than equalled by its victories over orthography, morality and grammar.

Artists.

Artistic financiering has become quite fashionable. Boston and New York are favored, and the money-changers feel its effects "a little." A Swiss Jew, by this art, raised some $100,000, and got off safely on the Brittania.

Rail Roads.

By some error, the quotation we made last week from Gov. Bebb's special message was omitted. We give it now. It is but right that every view, on the subject of internal improvement, should be presented, especially when strong efforts are making to break down the system altogether.

The constitutional power of Congress either to construct, or to aid in the construction of National Railroads, rests on a more solid foundation than even the universally acknowledged power, to construct light-houses. The former is an *express*, the latter an *implied* power. Under the express power "to establish post offices and post roads" Congress is bound to establish, that is to fix, to settle permanently, the best means which the discoveries of the age have given to the world for the transmission of the mail. A Railroad is not only the *best*, but is the only "post road" that can be established on the main routes at all adequate to the exigencies of the public service. Congress must very soon establish Railways as "post roads" or surrender to corporations this great constitutional power and obligation.

But the constitutional argument does not rest on this basis alone. The power to construct harbors is inferred from the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations." If the power to *regulate* commerce with foreign nations, carries with it the power to *aid* foreign commerce by the construction of light-houses, harbors and break-waters, certainly, the power to regulate "commerce among the several States," carries with it, also, the power to *aid* that commerce by the most effectual means which the invention of of man has devised.

This power also clearly results from the constitutional obligation to suppress insurrections and repel invasions by the use of the most effectual means necessary and proper for that purpose.

Foreign commerce has always been the darling child of Congress. For its coasts have been surveyed, harbors fortified, commercial treaties made, discriminating duties imposed, navies built up and maintained, and wars waged at a cost to the nation, of hundreds of millions. In the meantime what has been done for internal commerce? Nothing, comparatively nothing! The aid of the General Government in this respect, must hereafter be more equally and justly dispensed. The freemen of the interior have, at length, the power to do themselves justice at the ballot-box, *and it will be done*. Hitherto the beneficient action of the Federal Government has been confined almost exclusively to the Maratime coasts. The Convention which met at Chicago last summer, great in numbers, intellect, and fixed resolve, will direct the attention of the Government to our lakes and rivers. But appropriations must not be made for these objects alone.

The Railroad has made the *land* as subservient to commerce as the *water*. Oceans are no longer the only great highways of nations. Since the discovery and invention of the Railroad and the Magnetic Telegraph, instead of facilitating they interrupt what is now called rapid intercommunication. With the great discoveries of modern times, new governmental obligations have arisen. The mail can no longer be transmitted on the great thorough-fares of the world by sail vessels and mail coaches. The steamship and locomotive have taken their place; the latter being by far the most rapid and regular instrumentality. In view of all this, a general system of Railway "post roads" has become indispensable.

English Hexameters.

Most of our readers know that the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Aeneid, and other ancient heroic poems, are written in hexameter verse; that a hexameter verse consists of six feet, the sixth of which is a dactyl, the fifth usually a spondee, and the rest either dactyls or spondees; that a dactyl consists of a long, followed by two short syllables, as *melody*, and a spondee of two long, as *pale moon*. In the Greek and Latin languages, the feet consist of *long* and *short* syllables; but in the languages of modern Europe, no regard is paid to quantity, and the verse is regulated by the position of the accent. With regard to English versification, then, it is more proper to say that a dactyl consists of an *accented* followed by two *unaccented* syllables; and a spondee in hexameter verse is usually the same as the trochee—a foot consisting of an accented followed by an unaccented syllable, as *holy*.

In former times attempts were made to introduce the principles of Greek and Latin prosody into modern languages. The Elizabethan era witnessed an attempt of this kind in English literature. Gabriel Harvey, the learned friend of Spencer, seems to have been the leader, and Sir Philip Sydney and Spenser entered into his views. The following is a specimen of the new style of poetry which they attempted to introduce:

Unhappy verse, the witness of my unhappy state,
Make thyself fluttering wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my love wheresoever she be.

This fashion in versification, in which no regard was paid to the English rhythn, would never do for English ears. Claudio Tolommei, and others, had attempted in vain to reconcile the Italians to the same fashion. They might as well have endeavored to introduce the wearing of the Roman toga, or the worship of Jupiter Stator or Pallas Athene. The satirist Tom Nash, the contemporary of Spenser, thus ridicules the English attempt?

"The hexameter verse," says he, "I grant to be a gentleman of an ancient house, (so is many an English beggar,) yet this clime of ours he cannot thrive in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; he goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable, and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately gait which he vaunts himself with among the Greeks and Latins."

There have been, however, some very successful attempts to make English hexameters.—The movement of the verses which we quoted last week from our friend J. B. Smith's ode "To Night," we consider very fine. We were much amused with a translation which the same gentleman, in a sportive mood, made of Virgil's celebrated verse in which he is supposed to imitate the movement of a galloping horse—

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

This in Smithic hexameters gallops as follows.* We hope our readers will observe that it has the merit of alliteration—

"Clickety cut, see how he clips it; for going he goes in a gallop."

A few years ago Longfellow published a translation of the "Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner. In the preface, the translation says: "I have preserved even the measure—that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his own chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it all.'" Mr. Longfellow seems to have become better pleased with the hexameter on farther acquaintance. He has lately published a long poem in hexameter verse, the title of which is Evangeline. The book has not reached the West, but judging from the extracts we have seen, the poem must be one of remarkable beauty. We present a few extracts:

Evangeline, separated from her lover at the moment of marriage, is after a time urged to forget him and to select a new husband.

"Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—'I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.'
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile,—'O daughter! thy God thus speakest within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!'"

Still further on the Catholic priest says to Evangeline—

"'Patience!' the priest would say; 'have faith and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance.
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

Here is a description of Indian Summer.

"Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended,
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

We cannot refrain from giving another extract:

"Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered;
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead.
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

If this is not poetry, what is? We can hardly say anything about the external form—the body, when it is only a transparent medium for the soul to shine through. The sparkling of the gem hides the setting from our eyes; or if we do turn our attention to it, it seems that in no other setting would the jewel be so brilliant. While reading the description of Indian Summer—though we are now surrounded by the snows of December, and the sun scarcely ventures to peep through the clouds—we feel the drowsy peacefulness of the air, and see the sun looking "with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him." The figure at the close of the last extract seems to us one of the most beautiful in the English language.

But we set out to speak of the *form*, and must finish our task. We must bear in mind that these are *English* hexameters; they have the English rhythm. When the beauty of the idea does not make us forget the form of the verse, they seem to have a pert, romping air about them. A Roman would be almost as much surprised at English hexameters, as if he were to see the stately Juno change herself to an English fairy, and go to dancing on the green.—We think of them as we do of Gothic cottages, which we like to look at occasionally, but should be sorry to see a whole town composed of nothing else.

Mr. Longfellow has shown much art in the building of many of his verses in the following line:

"All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun,"

he has introduced a real spondee, *great sun*. The other spondee, *dued and*, is nothing more than a trochee, as nearly all his other spondees are. Our language does not admit of many *spondaic* achievements. Mr. Smith has a very fine one in the first verse of his ode "To Night"

"Thou of the *unseen* world, from thy throne in obscurity hidden."

But we must conclude this article, which we are afraid will appear as heavy as if it were all spondees. Thomas Hood would have been tempted to perpetrate a pun by comparing our article with the syllables of a spondee which are *too long*; but we are not so tempted.

*It will be remarked that we "lisp in numbers, the numbers come." We have unconsciously written five feet of a hexameter verse:

"This in Smithic hexameters gallops as follows:"

The first foot is a spondee, the three next dactyls, and the last a spondee.

Fireside Fancies.

BY F. COSBY.

By the dim and fitful fire-light
As I mused alone,
Pleasant thoughts of old companions,
Dead, or strangers grown;
Books that we had read together,
Rambles in sweet summer weather,
Fancies freed from earthly tether,
Memory made my own.

In my cushioned arm-chair sitting
Far into the night,
Sleep with leaden wing extinguished
All the flickering light;
But the thoughts that soothed me waking,
Care and grief and pain forsaking,
Still the self-same course were taking,
Pilgrims still in sight.

Indistinct and shadowy phantoms
Of the sacred dead,
Absent faces bending fondly
O'er my drooping head,
In my dreams were woven quaintly,
Dim at first, but calm and saintly
As the stars that glimmer faintly
From their misty bed.

Presently a lustrous brightness
I could scarce behold
Shewed to my enchanted vision
Looks no longer cold;
Features that no clouds encumber,
Forms awaked from sweetest slumber,
And, of all that blessed number,
Only one was old.

Graceful were they as the willow
By the zephyr stirred;—
Bright as childhood when expecting
An approving word;
Fair as when from earth they faded,
Ere the burnished brow was shaded,
Or the hair with silver braided,
Or lament was heard.

Roundabout in silence moving
Slowly to and fro;—
Life-like, as I knew and loved them,
In their spring-time glow;—
Beaming with a loving lustre
Close, and closer still, they cluster
Round my chair, that radiant muster,
Just as long-ago.

One, the aged, breathing comfort
O'er my changing cheek,
Whispered words of precious meaning,
Only *she* could speak:
Scarce could I my rapture smother,
For I knew it was my mother,
And to me there was no other
Saint-like and so meek.

Then, the prisoned soul of feeling,
All unused to weep,
Startled from its icy slumber,
Stirred its inmost deep.
On my cheek its drops descending,
And for one glad moment lending
Dreams of Joy's ecstatic blending,
Blessed my charmed sleep.

Bright and brighter grew the vision,
With each gathering tear,
Till the past was all before me
In its radiance clear;
And again we read at even,
Hoped, beneath the summer heaven,
Hopes that had no bitter leaven,
No distracting fear.

All so real seemed each presence,
That, one word I spoke—
Only one—of old endearment,
That dead silence broke;
But the angels who were keeping
Stillest watch while I was sleeping,
Left me by the embers weeping—
Fled when I awoke.

But, as ivy clings the greenest
On abandoned walls,
And as echo lingers sweetest
In deserted halls;—
Thus, the sunlight that we borrow
From the past, to-day, to-morrow,
On the darkest hours of sorrow,
Ever brightest falls.

December, 30, 1847.

The Jail—The Work House.

Hast ever visited these places, reader? If not, it would be worth your while to do so. The sight may be a sad one; but all of us should witness it—not merely that we may be *where* crime leads—but more important yet, that we may learn *how* it may be prevented.

What are our jails? "Places to put criminals in," answers one. "Houses to protect society against criminals," responds another. And they may be right. But this, also, is certain, that they are *nurseries* for crime, for the most part, and thus not only add to the expense of city and county, but absolutely compel young criminals to steep themselves deeper and deeper in sin.—They reform no body. They do society, as generally conducted, nothing but harm.

Enter, if you please, a jail in any city.—What greets your eye? Young and old men, the experienced and inexperienced—the felon and the thief—thrown together, without employment, without books of any kind, without any thing to do, but to tell of their plots and sins, and villainies! A boy may be seen in the throng. He is there for the commission of his first error. He shrinks, at first, from the tale of crime narrated by some hardened offender, and his blood turns cold at the horrors it involves.—But day by day he hears nothing else, and at last, he loves to sup upon horrors, and ends in being as ready to destroy property, or take life, as the boldest felon. How can he help this result? The system forces it upon him, and all like him, and thus it is, that our jails become nurseries of crime.

We have before us the report of the city missionary of Cincinnati, Rev. Mr. Bushnell, and in that we have forcibly illustrated the remarks we have made. He says:

In the year ending Nov. 1, 1845, there were 873 commitments. In the year 1846, 811, the past year, only 679. Of this number, 405 are Americans, and 272 Foreigners, 247 of these have been accused of crimes against property, 203 offences against persons, 33 for debt, 147 for breach of city ordinances, 3 insane, and 131 for other offences. 39 of the number have been sent to the Penitentiary, 39 to the chain-gang, and twelve to the Dungeon. The remainder have been discharged in various ways. 66 of the prisoners were females, and 52 under 17 years of age, and 650 of intemperate habits!!

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"It is a melancholy spectacle to visit the jail at the present time. No less than 17 boys are now awaiting their trial. They have no employment for body or mind, and are of necessity daily becoming worse. They are mostly those whose moral training has been wrong, and are greatly to be commiserated."

Well—the natural consequence follows. Evil youth are made wicked youth—erring young men bad young men—by huddling all together, without respect to age, habits, character, or any thing else!

Nor can cities, counties, or States stay the progress of crime, and secure a wise and economical criminal law, until they have Houses of Refuge, or of Reform, and a complete separation of old offenders and young violators of the law, wherever they may be placed. We hope this subject will attract the attention of the proper authorities.

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Indiana has *eighty* inmates—of whom *fifty-seven* are males, twenty-three females. The institution is well conducted. Blessed be these humane works!